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Washington University Dirge: Ye Merrie Yuletide Number

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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Dirge



ye merrie yuletide number

pryce - two bittes.



It costs a lot, but Camel must have the best

It is true that Camel is the quality cigarette, but it costs to make it so. To make Camel the favorite that it is costs the choicest crops of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. It requires the expense of a blending that leaves nothing undone in the liberation of tobacco taste and fragrance.

But the fame that Camel has won is worth all the trouble. It has brought

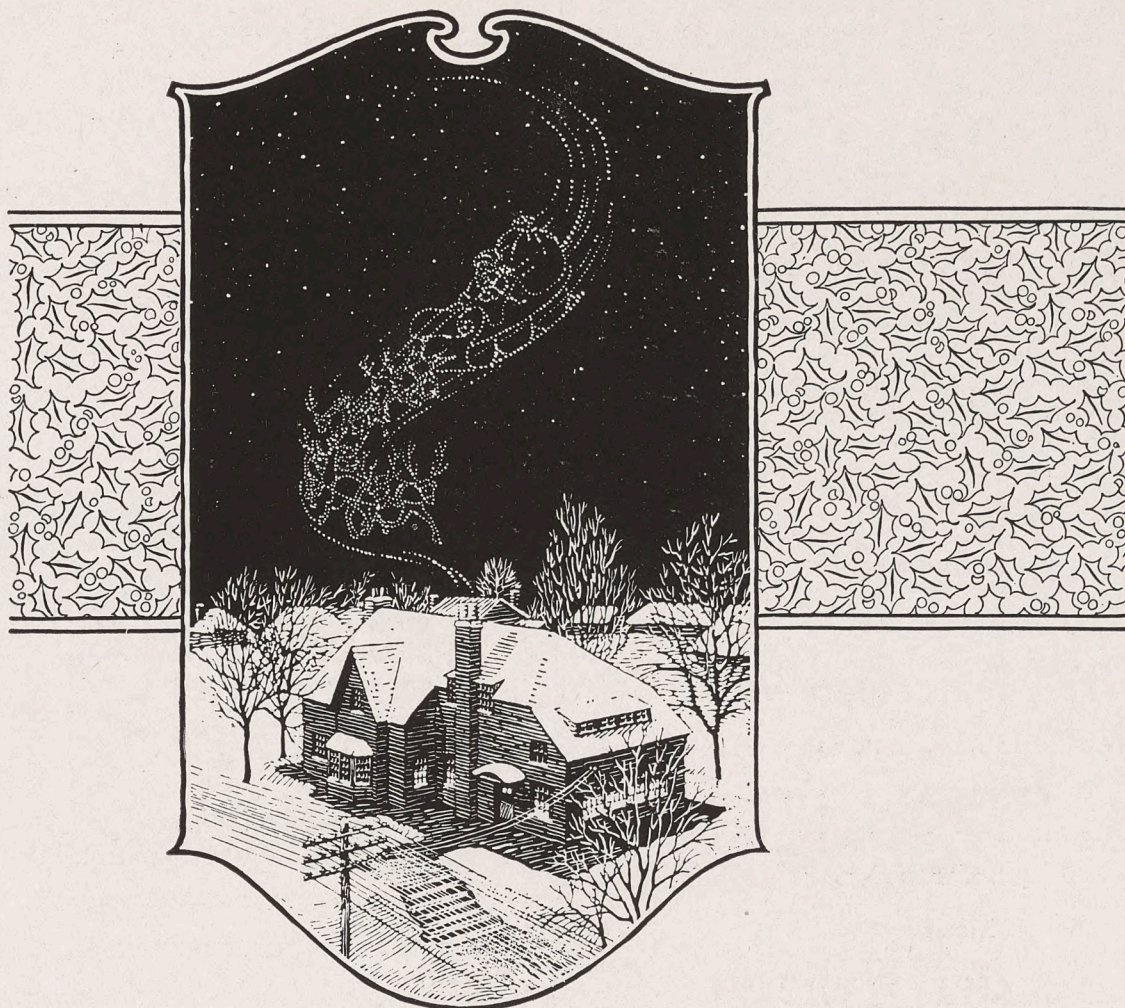
modern smokers a new realization of excellence. They are particular and fastidious and they place Camel first.

Your taste will delight itself in these choice tobaccos. Camels get better the more of them you smoke. Their subtle tastes are unfolded by experience. They are always delightfully smooth.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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Holiday Greetings

from

the men and women who every
day throughout the year earnestly try to give you the best possible telephone service.

**SOUTHWESTERN BELL
TELEPHONE COMPANY**

join.....

the

Hilltopper Club

By special arrangement with the Coronado Hotel, the newly organized Hilltopper Club, composed exclusively of Washington University students, will gather every Wednesday night in the Pal-Lido of the Coronado Hotel throughout the school year. Wednesdays have been designated "Hilltopper Nights"

Membership cards may be secured from the committee. Cards are necessary to obtain special Hilltopper Club privileges.

First Hilltopper Club Dance
Wednesday, Dec. 21
A Surprise Party
 and every Wednesday Night
 10 p. m. until closing

Music by

Allister Wylie
 and his
Coronadians

"Just About the Hottest Band in Town"

At

The Hotel

Coronado

Lindell Boulevard at Spring Avenue

\$100
 —per person
 and no more

... includes cover charge, entertainment, refreshments (Special Hilltopper Club Menu) ... two dollars for you and your date! See the Committee for further details and membership card.

"COMMITTEE"

Edwin A. Lamke	Wm. C. Krenning, Jr.	W. C. Trampe
Arthur Gildehaus	Ottis L. Sturbois	Allister Wylie
Grey Bruno	C. S. Cullenbine	Jack McDonald

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Merry Christmas!

MICKEY FLOM

Clayton Farm

HAS

THE BEST VEGETABLES

Forest 7506

5137 Cates Ave.

Mother: Why, Percy, what are all these strange looking lesson sheets from your correspondence school—calling you all kinds of ugly names and making you look ridiculous with a lot of silly drawings?

Percy: Oh, that's nothing, Mother. I am just being hazed. —*Beanpot*

— D D D —

A very self-satisfied young man arrived at the gates of heaven and asked for admittance.

"Where are you from?" St. Peter asked.

"Havahd."

"Well, you can come in, but you won't like it."

—*Owl*

— D D D —

"It's no good mincing matters," said the doctor: "you are very bad. Is there anybody you would specially like to see?"

"Yes," replied the patient faintly.

"Who is it?" queried the doctor.

"Another doctor."

—*Selected*

— D D D —

Two very spirited fraternity brothers unfortunately wandered into a shower room after arriving home after a formal. "Hic—come on, John, let's git going," shouted one. "This is a terrible storm we're out in to-night."

—*Denison Flamingo*

— D D D —

"Hank, dear," said the burglar's wife, "please don't make so much noise when you come in to-night."

"Sure," he replied. "Did I wake you up last night?"

"No, but you woke Mother, and I don't want her going to prison and telling Father that I married an amateur."

—*Harvard Lampoon*

— D D D —

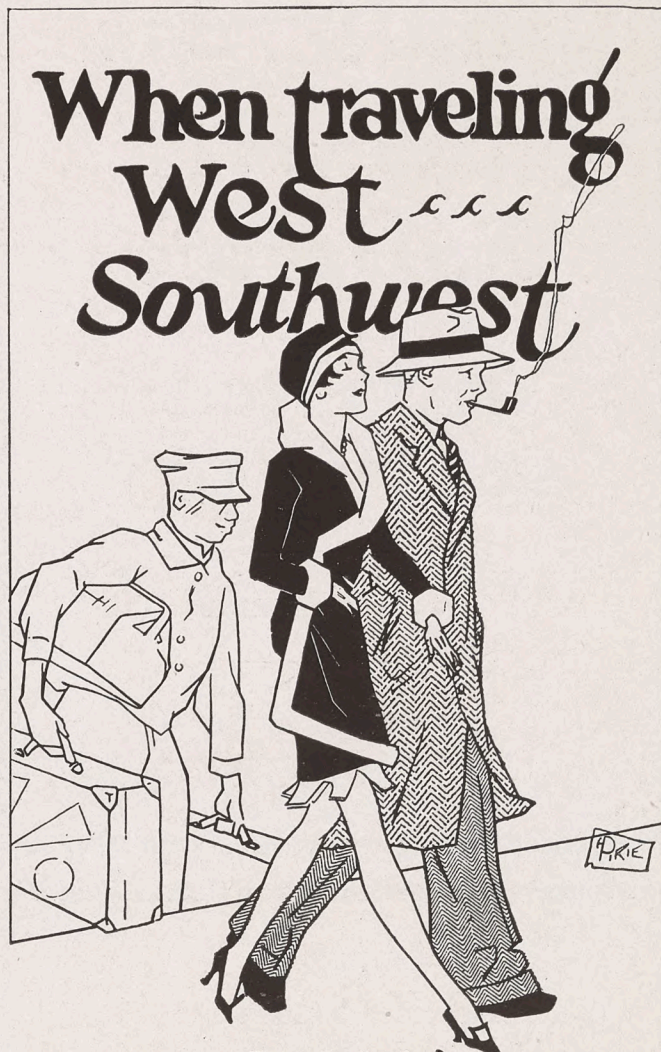
Our old friend, the ubiquitous absent-minded professor, was in the receiving line at a faculty reception for the students. One of the students, who worked part of the time in a tailor's shop, and who had made several shirts for the professor, approached the professor. The latter, not recalling his identity, extended his hand cordially and said, "Your face is familiar, young man, but for the moment I cannot remember who you are or where I have seen you."

The student blushed and whispered in the professor's ear, "Made your shirts, sir."

"Ah, to be sure," said the professor, turning to the lady next to him in line. "Mrs. Brown, permit me to present Major Shurtz."

—*Yellow Jacket*

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Fischer Meat Company

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She: And while you were traveling in the Sahara didn't you find the Arabs intense?

He: Oh my, yes, in tents and on horseback both.

—Chaparral

— D D D —

We Aim to Please

Waiter: That gentleman over there says his soup isn't fit for a pig.

Manager: Then take it away, you fool, and bring him some that is.

—Tawney Kat

— D D D —

Love's Old Sweet Song—When do we eat?

—Cannon Barrel

— D D D —

So they called her "Tonsils" because the Medical students used to take her out so much.

—The Cynic

— D D D —

Speaker (at dinner of club)—Gentlemen, did you ever stop to think? I ask you again, did you ever stop to think?

Stewed (tired and sleepy)—Did you ever think to stop?

—The Yellow Jacket

"The Gift Supreme"

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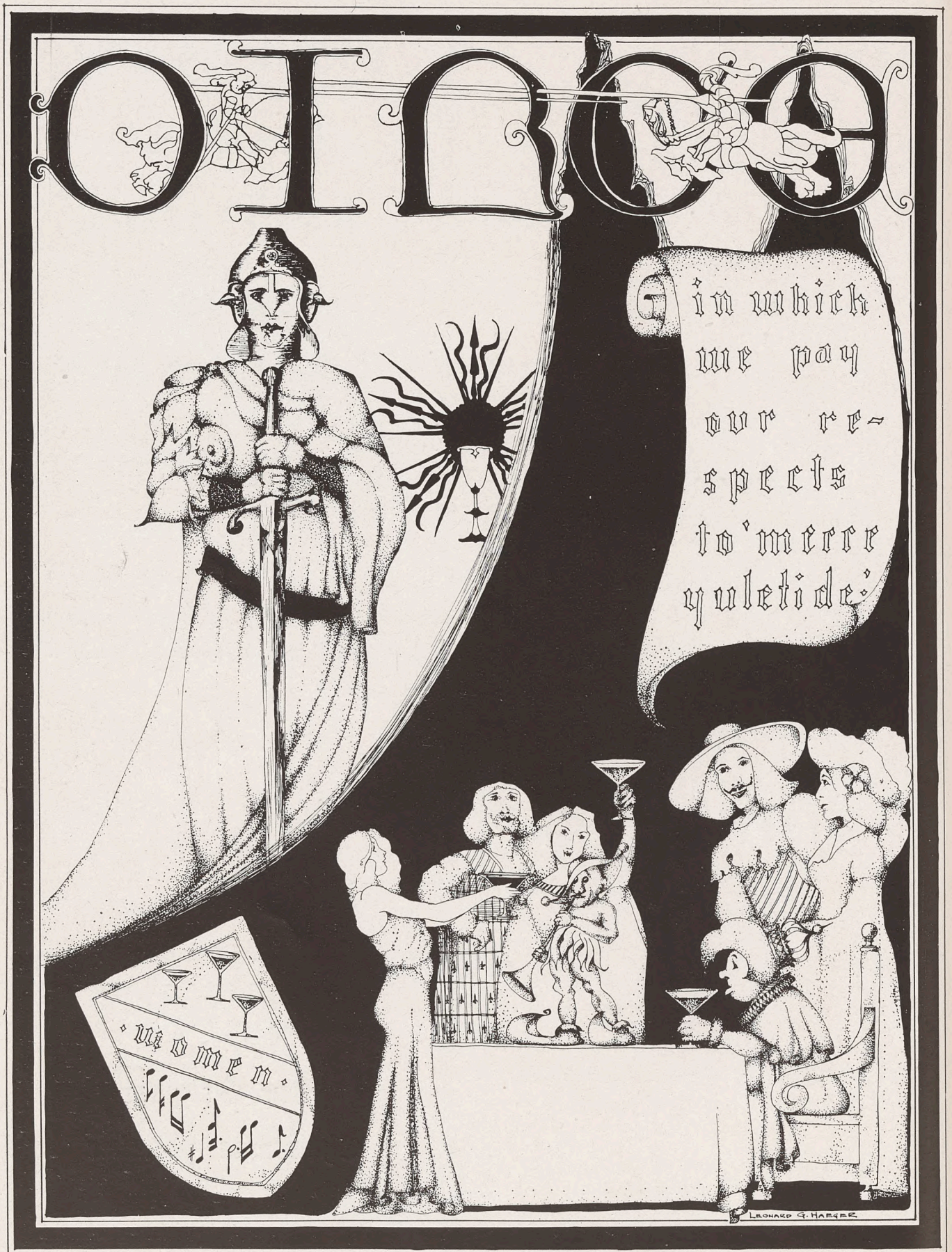
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\$1.98

The Original
Christmas Number



The DIRGE

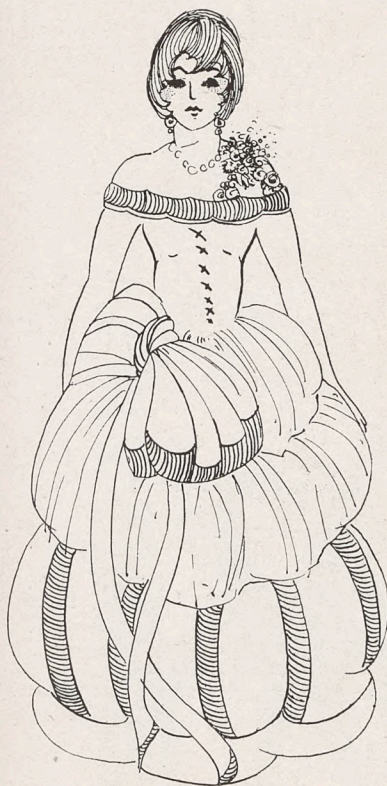
"Jest in Peace"

Christmas Number

Poet: "My girl said this last poem of mine caused her heart to miss a beat."

Editor: "Then we can't use it. We can't print anything that will interfere with our circulation."

— D D D —



"Our Babe" says that if beauty is only skin deep, there are several people who ought to be out and skinned.

Dec. 20.

My Dear Santa Claus,

I am just 10 years old. I have been a very good little boy during the past year. I hope you will be able to bring these few small articles that I am in great need of. They are: an electric train and cars, a desk, a cow boy suit, lead soldiers, a cannon, a bicycle, a b.b. gun, a typewriter, a parchese game, boxing gloves, a sled, a football suit, a football, a baseball bat, glove and ball, ice skates, a sheepskin, and about 25 bucks.

I think you in advance and I promise to be a model boy for the ensuing year.

Your little friend

Jack.

Dec. 26

Well old Hay Face,

I don't wish you any tough luck but I hope they make Eskimo pies out of your helpers. I hope your reindeers get fallen arches and hang nails and I hope you get stomach trouble in every cubic foot of that bay window of yours.

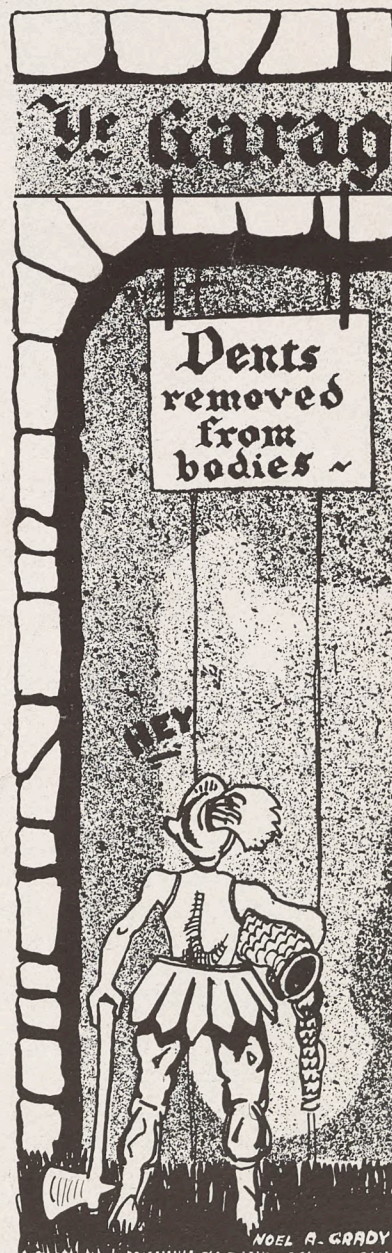
Call any time and I'll return those 4 neckties and 2 handkerchiefs.

So to hell, plenty.

The neighborhood roughneck,
Jack.

— D D D —

She sat and yawned in the parlor, till finally the frequent home.



A SONG WITHOUT WORDS



The Wise Man says: "A bim in the arms is worth two in the dreams."

— D D D —

'S Bloode !

It was in the form of a challenge when he muttered between clenched teeth, "I'll meet you behind the church at sunrise."

Would he really come or was he too much of a coward to risk losing his reputation and possibly his life? He had said nothing about bringing others. What were his intentions? Thus ran the thoughts of the one who, leaning against the church yard wall, waits for the challenger.

The sun was just rising. It was a wonderful morning for such an encounter, no one around to interfere, no law, no inquisitive watchers. Truly it would be a decisive meeting.

Ah! he comes at last, but as he approaches he fails to see the one who waits, leaning thus. Suddenly he becomes aware of the waiter and his countenance changes completely. Now, he breaks into a run and when he reaches the challenged he throws out his arms and as she sinks into them he whispers, "Ah my darling, we'll fly away together before my wife gets on my trail."

After Swinburne's "A Match"

(Fifty-nine years after)

If love were like some garlic
And you were like its shape,
We'd scent the world together
In any sort of weather
As far north as the Arctic
Or South down to the Cape
If love were like some garlic
And you were like its shape.

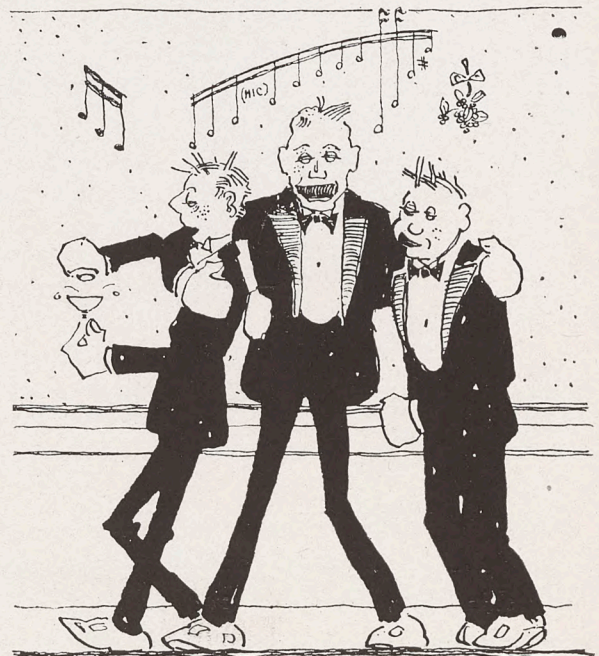
If I were what the noise is
And love were like its cause,
I always would stay single
With you I'd never mingle
I have some better choices,
Who, Thank God, have no
flaws—

If I were what the noise is
And love were like its cause.

If love were like a lemon
And you a little seed,
We could spend our time in
trade,

We could make some lemonade
Ah, well, how we could demon-
strate how we need the feed,
If love were like a lemon
And you a little seed.

— D D D —



A WELL LIT T'REE

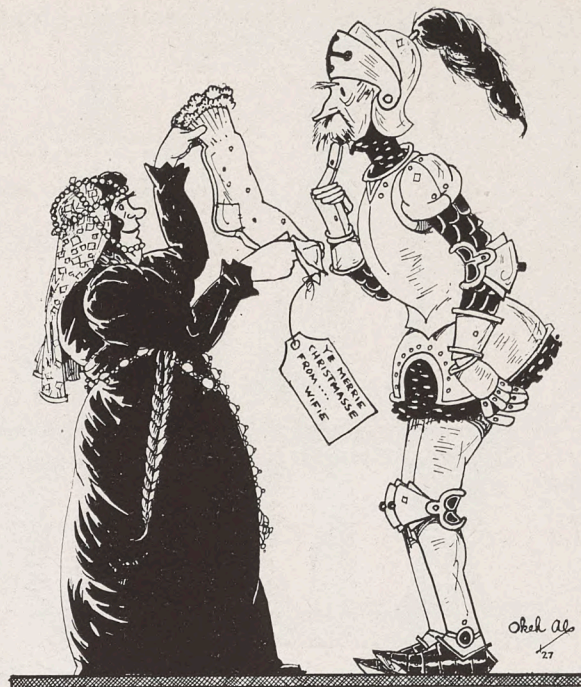
Chaucerian No End

I'm Chaucer, the tosser, rah rah and rah.
 I star on baseball team of college, rah rah.
 The games, I win. I sure deserve
 The victory, I clinch with all my nerve.
 Mudville, it was the game—champeen
 To win, to win, our only scheme.
 Five hundred runs spelled victoree.
 Of course the game depends on me.
 Four-Ninety-Nine to nothing they led us by,
 But lend an ear and hearken guy
 To me, great I, Rudolph Casey Chaucer
 In hand my club advanced to sauser.
 'Twas sock and sock and sock again
 That pill I gave it flowing pain.
 O'er fence, o'er meadow, o'er winding brook,
 O'er land, o'er sea, o'er dried up nook
 Sailed little pill and ne'er was downed
 Till Casey Chaucer ran 'round and 'round
 And all five hundred runs were made,
 The game on ice right sweet he laid.
 But Bumpire "Mug" was no dull yegg.
 And so he croaked, "Fill me the egg."
 Yer out, he cried to the "king of swat".
 Yer out, yer out, you dirty sot.
 You missed a bag on the four hundredth dash.
 Saying which—he retired on Mudville cash.

— D D D —

"I hear that you have a fine job now."
 "Yes, I work in a shirt factory."
 "How come you are not working today."
 "Oh, we are making nightshirts now."

— D D D —



"Leonhard, I heard the new maid tell the cook
 you had cold feet, so I got you these."

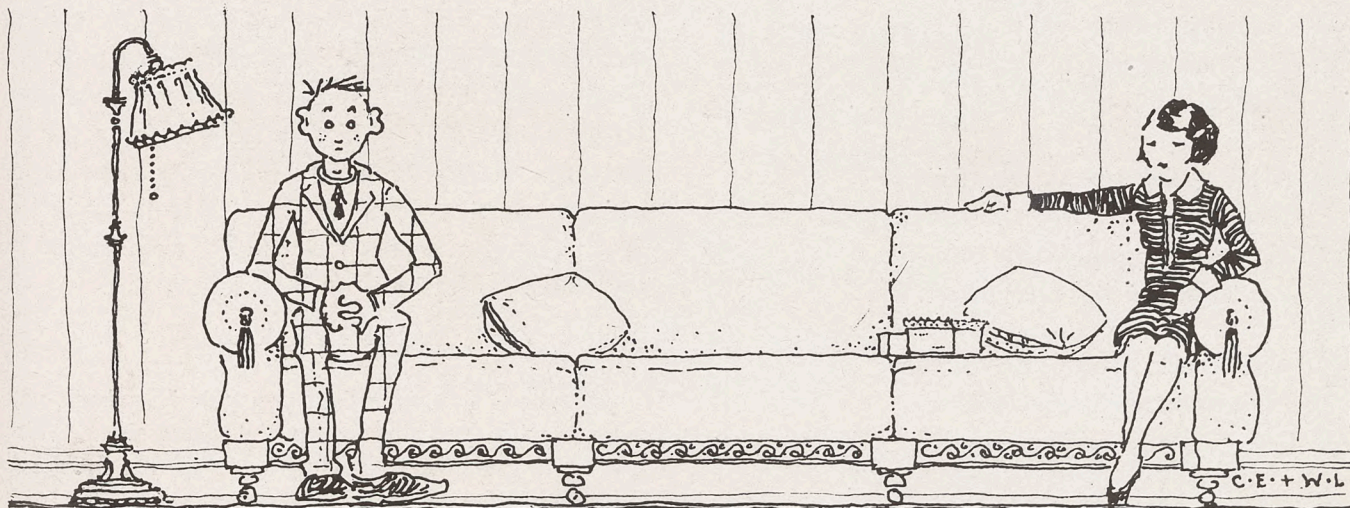
— D D D —

"Skunked"

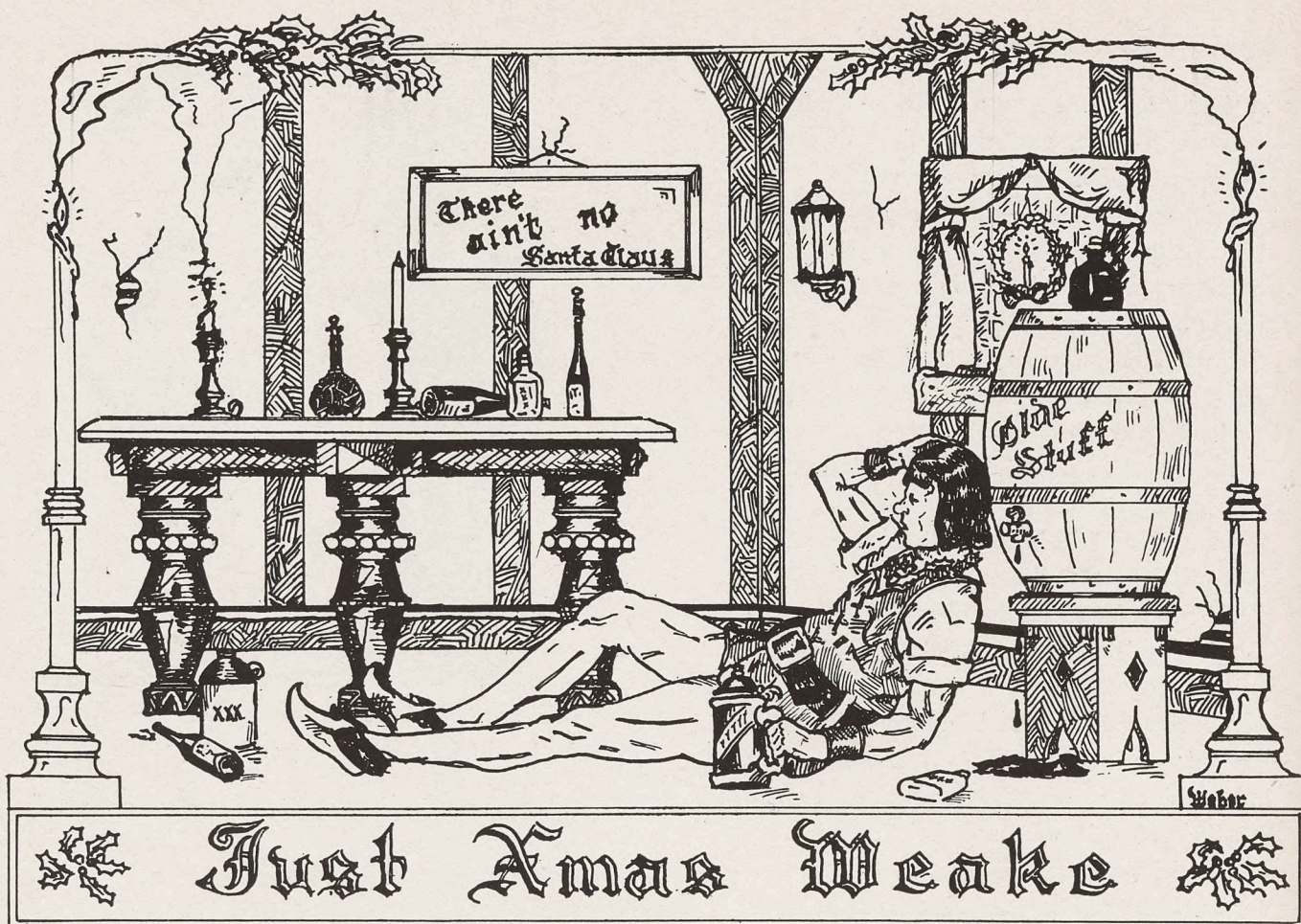
Two lonesome skunks by the roadside stood
 As an automobile rushed by;
 It left an odor far from good,
 And a tear was in one's eye.

"Oh, why do you weep?" asked his anxious friend,
 "And why do you sob and quake?"
 "Because that smell", said the other skunk,
 "Is like Mother used to make."

— D D D —



"ROOM AND BORED"



THE TENTH KNIGHT IN A BAR ROOM

— D D D —

The Summer Gone

The summer passed on wings of gold—
It held for me a wealth untold
Of amber days, and silver nights,
Of lazy hours and—chigger bites.

A summer that was made for love,
The beach below, the moon above
That seemed to gild each tiny fleck
Of foam and—sand flies down my neck.

Silent walks beneath the trees
That seems to whisper to each breeze,
The molten sunlight in your hair
—And poison ivy everywhere.

And then to fill my cup of woe
Nigh to the point of overflow,
One gorgeous midnight, balmy, still,
—A rampant skunk beneath my sill.

(This is our annual post-season brainstorm.)

Essay on Roommates

Roommates sure are a problem. Mine is the kind that is good at parking anything from an automobile to cookies. Yeah—he's a regular cookie pusher. I don't have to tell him to sleep tight, because he always comes home soused. Even when he dies, he wants to be buried in bier. He says that he always sleeps sound; and I agree—it's sound (oh, such a terrible sound!) all night long. And he's constantly getting hard up and having to sell *my* belongings; I believe he'd sell my birth certificate for a pot of message. I think he has an inferiority reflex, or a patellar complex, or something. One thing in his favor, though: he does look mighty well dressed in my clothes. But he is such an idle rumor.

— D D D —

Jounce: "I notice when you ride horseback you always whip your horse on the right side. Why don't you give him a little on the left for a change?"

Joss: "It really doesn't matter. As long as I get one side going, the other side is bound to follow."

Ye Nighte Before Christmas

Twas ye nighte before Christmas,
And alle throughe ye house
Ye Brothers wer brewinge
Ye goode winter's souse.

There wer beer in ye bathe tub,
And gin in ye sinke,
There wer whisk in ye cellar,
Alle manner of drinke.

Ye curtains were drawn
And ye lamps alle turned lowe,
Ye Lodge wer well oiled
And readye to go.

Ye guests nowe assembled
From neare and from farre,
Some in ye flivver
And some in ye carre.

Ye partye waxed hotte,
Each turret so dimme
Wer well occupied
By some ladde and his bimme.

I in ye attick
And Bille in ye halle
Had settled ourselves
For ye goode winters brawl.

When out in ye drive
There rose such a shrieke,
We dived for ye windows,
To have us a peake.

Forsoothe, wast a raide?
'S bloode, we guessed righte,
Ye coppes there in numbers,
And full of ye fight.

Yeomen to ye stations,
Ye portcullis fell,
We hauled up ye drawbridge,
Ye systeme wer swelle.

We poured down ye oil,
Alle boiling and hotte,
We pelted ye raiders
With arrowes and shotte.

We scrapped alle ye nighte
Till cracke of ye dawne,
Then called off ye battle,
With handshake and yawne.

Ye coppers were pooped
Ye duty wer done,
They hadde pulled offe ye raide
And hadde lots of funne.

We signed us a truce
And opened ye gate,
Ye foe staggered inne—
We caroused until late.

Ye Lion and Lambe
Soon snored side bye side,
For such is ye spirit
Of ye olde Yuletide.

L'Envoi

Peace on Earth, Goodwille to Manne,
Gladness farre and near,
Raise lottes of helle, for Xmastide
Rolls round butte once a year!



Published at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Vol. IX

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 3

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Bearers of Ye Pall

WILLIAM LINCOLN	Ye Boss Scrivener	JULIAN SIMPSON	Ye Heade Usurer
CARL WEBER	Ye Seconde Beste	KARL SEIBEL	Keeper of ye Doughe
CHARLES EAMES	Ye Inke Slinger	AUSTIN CHASEY	Ye Heade Circulator
DOROTHY ZETLMEISL	Ye Clipper		

Ye Inke Splashers

Ye Quill Pushers

Chick Miller	1928
Steuart Britt	1929
Leon Neuman	1930
Donald Loeb	1930
Morris Cohn	1929
Ernie Hill	1931

Alfred Parker	1928
Noel Grady	1928
Clara Beardsley	1930
Arline Hilmer	1930
Virginia Brower	1930
Alice Bradford Magee	1929
George Senseney	1929
Leonard Haeger	1928
Catherine Vogel	1931

Ye Usurers

Herman Levine	1930
Mildred Saenger	1930
William Stannus	1929

Ye Circulators

Norman Bierman	1928
Clay Kirkpatrick	1930
Bill Wallace	1930
Fred Moore	1931

Percy Lunn	1931
Louis Kessler	1931
Frank Seitz	1931
Oscar Arbogast	1931
Frank Bosse	1933

Ye Circulators' Henchmen

Corinne Koch	1928
Dorothy Mark	1930
Camille Stowe	1930
Ruth Christopher	1930
Marie Barrett	1931
Delphine Meyer	1931
Celeste East	1931

PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF NONSENSORSHIP.

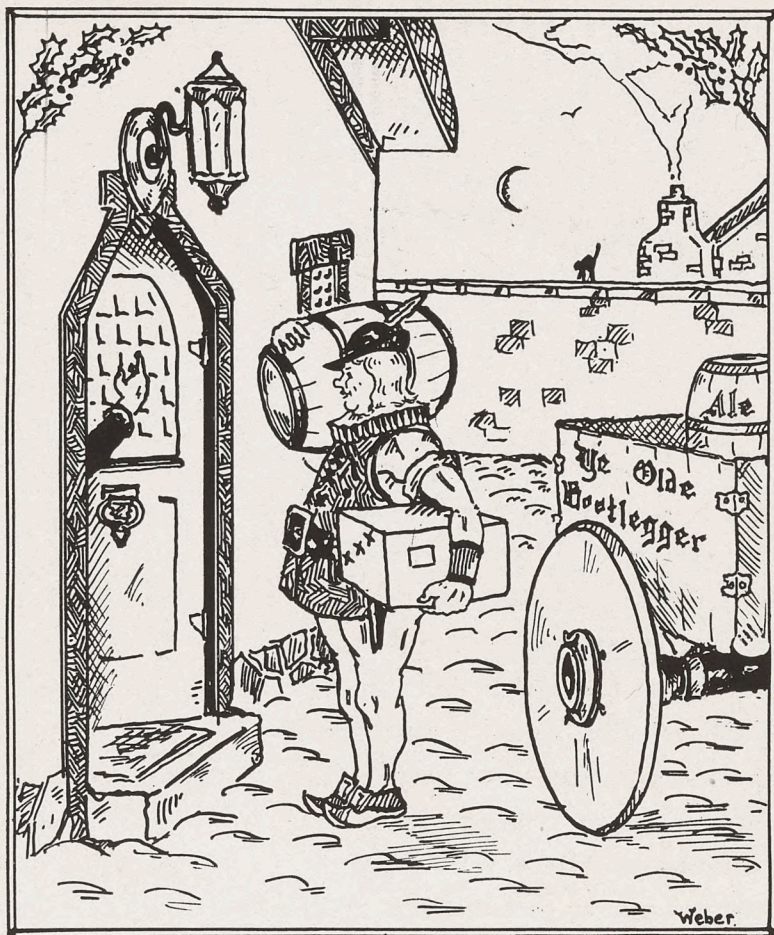
DIRGE wishes to extend to the public in general, and to the afflicted party in particular, a most profound apology for omitting, in the issue previous, the name of Charles Eames, our most illustrious Art Editor. We salaam mid sack-cloth and ashes!



WE WON'T attempt to follow editorial tradition in wishing all you little studes a very merry and trite Christmas, neither will we pull the moth eaten admonition to eat, drink, and be as merry as all thunder, for to-morrow is just another pain in the neck. We feel that these time-honored, time-worn, and time-out expressions but bespeak the utter lack of sincere feeling and original thought. Consequently the perpetrators of this publication extend the sentiment of not giving two whoops in the warm place whether the world at large finds in its little stocking, on the frosty morn of December twenty-fifth, its heart's desire or not.

To get down to business, a Merry Christmas is a darned fine idea, but for the love of mud don't inflict your hackneyed expressions of trite and often spurious good will on a much suffering public. If you feel the urge of expression, let it out in the form of something original. Yes, the editors will accept anything from an Isotta-Fraschini to an ancient apple. Merry Christmas!





CHRISTMAS STOCKING

Recantation of Rich Richard

It's a long road that has no place to park.

A college man is judged by the liquor he keeps.

It's a strange baby that cries for its father.

A stitch in time saves embarrassment.

A girl in the car is worth two on the dance floor.

Birds of one feather sure do look picked.

A string of bologna is no stronger than its weakest link.

— D D D —

It has been estimated that if all the "choo-choo-trains" Santa Claus receives requests for were placed car after car, they would make a line from here to the Moon, to Venus, to the Sun, and back to the starting point.

Epitaphs

Sigh and lament for Roscoe McBo,
He played in "Old English" at Chicago.
Cheer and applaud for Bertram McIsthmus,
Had a fight with his girl the day before Christmas.
Arrange such matters with "Wop" Palazoon,
For New Year's Eve is coming soon.

— D D D —

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
Any everywhere that Mary went,
She was late.

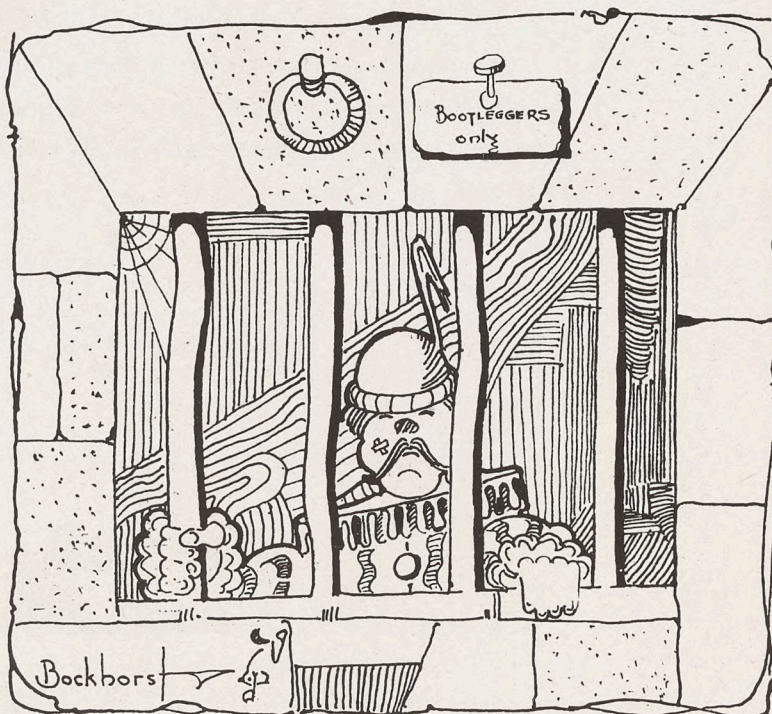
— D D D —

"He's a loafer."

"You mean, then, that he's a baker?"

"No; but he does make plenty of dough."

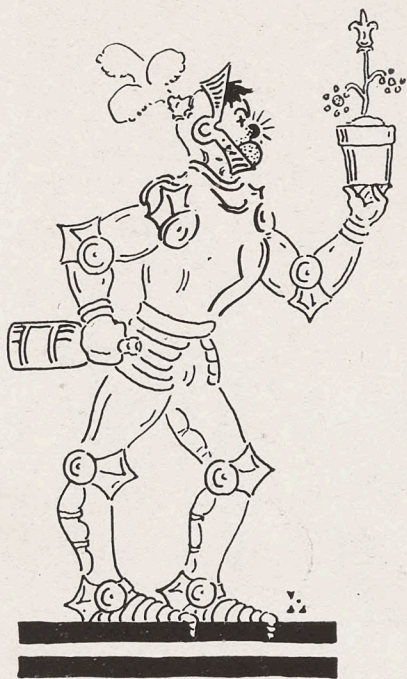
"Well, in that case, he is certainly a bread winner."



"YE RIGHTING PENNE"



“ye full page”



WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS "IN BLOOM"

— D D D —

Jack: "Hey! A man just hung himself in our cellar."

Jill: "Well, did you cut him down?"

Jack: "No. He wasn't dead yet."

— D D D —

He: "I wonder if I'll drink in the next world?"

She: "I don't know, but it's a cinch you'll smoke."

— D D D —

First: "What you need is an electric bath."

Second: "Nothing doing. I know of a man at Sing Sing who drowned taking one."

"I gave the salesman a new, crisp dollar bill for that Christmas present."

"That certainly was passing the buck."

— D D D —

Bay: "That was a pretty bald statement."

Rum: "Well, it wasn't particularly hair raising."

— D D D —

She was only a ball player's daughter, but she threw a wicked curve.



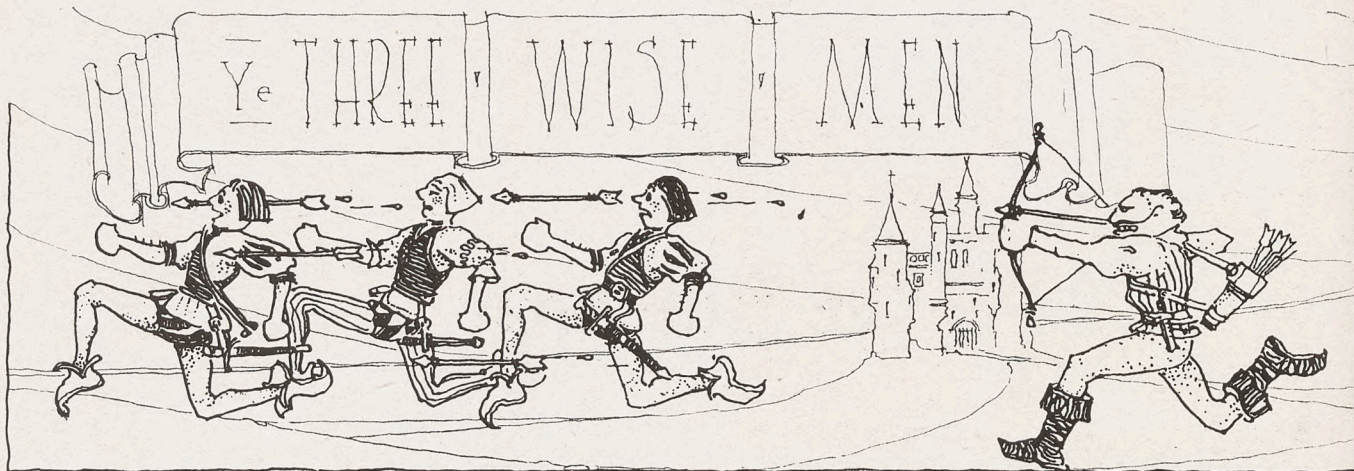
Sonnetize

I took one look into her dreamy eyes,
I hazarded another glance or two;
Once more I gazed and then with grim surprise,
I noted one was black, the other blue.

"Fair Maid," quoth I, (I am that way, you sap),
I never *say* or *talk*, but always *quoth*,
"Those eyes that seem to decorate your map—
If they were mates, wouldn't that improve them both?"

She took one look into my deep blue eyes,
A heavy *hurting* haunting look it was.
What happened next was too grim a surprise,
(Although I saw an arm and heard a buzz).

When I awoke and to myself came back,
One of my eyes was blue, the other black.



"Y' AIN'T DONE RIGHT BY OUR NELL!"

EAMES & W-L

The Life of a Dept. Store Santa Claus

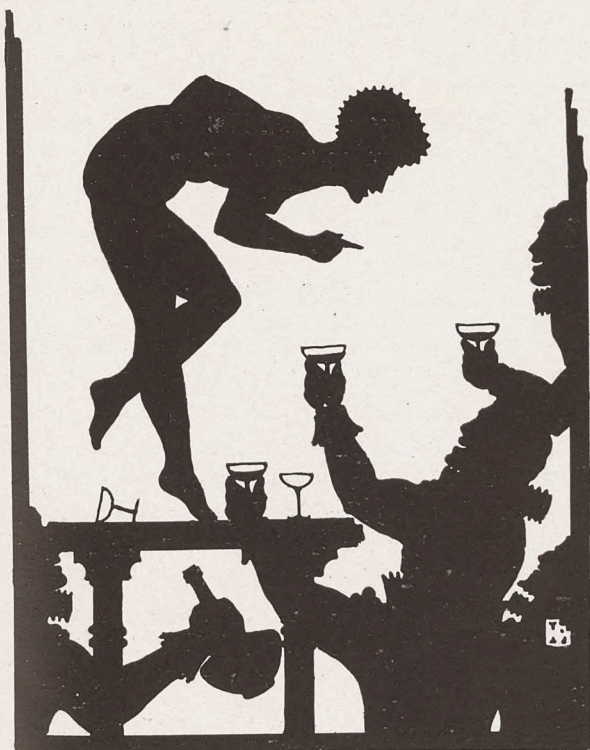
Seven bucks a day is sure small change for this damjob. I wish I'd never quit working in O'Riley's pool hall. It was at least quiet there while this being stared at and poked at is a helluvalot worse. When that hot looking frill hung around, made eyes at me, and then tried to walk off with my exhibition doll, I felt like tossing off my stomach and whiskers and paddling her. By the way, this pillow in the front of my coat is so heavy that the feathers must have come off of Plymouth Rocks. Ogosh here comes another one of these talkative old hens and her spouse.

"Yes, Mr. Claus, Junior and I came to see you last year and ever since Christmas morning Junior, who is now 10, has been anxious to see you again. Just take the little dear up in your arms and he'll tell you all of his wants. That's it. He's not really heavy is he? Now, Junior, tell Santa what you've been wanting to tell him."

"So you're the bird that said he'd bring me a bicycle and a shot gun last year fer Christmas and all ya brung me was a suit of clothes. Well, I've been savin' up fer this—"

Ow—G—dam let go my whiskers—take your fist out of my eye, quit kicking my back, here give me those whiskers—this finishes my career."

— D D D —



YE NEW YEARE'S "EVE"



LIFE'S LITTLE TRAGEDIES:—SANTA CLAUS FORGETS HIS TERNION

— D D D —

Shocking Poetry

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees—
What wonder is it that the corn is shocked!

— D D D —

Soph: "How did you lose your teeth, Freshman?"

Frosh: "Shifting gears on a lollypop."

— D D D —

In the Westminster game the team reminded us of counterfeit money. That is, the halves were full of lead and quarters couldn't pass.

— D D D —

Queen: "Charles the baby has a stomach ache."

King: "Page the Secretary of the Interior."

ON THE SCREEN

SKOURAS THEATRES

MERRY CHRISTMAS shows are being presented at Skouras Brothers theaters starting Saturday, December 24, with Colleen Moore's tremendous production "Her Wild Oat", at the Ambassador, Richard Dix in his latest triumph, "The Gay Defender" at the Missouri, while the Grand Central re-opens with Vitaphone in conjunction with the showing of "The Jazz Singer", featuring Al Jolson.

On the stages of the Ambassador and Missouri theaters, smiling Ed Lowry and Brooke Johns will preside over special holiday productions, Lowry's show at the Ambassador being called "Listen In", while Johns' at the Missouri is entitled "A Holiday Jubilee."

Colleen Moore is the mistress of a rolling kitchen in "Her Wild Oat", the Christmas week feature at the Ambassador. Colleen has soaring social ambitions, that bring on some hilarious situations for the would-be social butterfly. Ed Lowry's stage production features Irmanette, the dancing violinist who is a great St. Louis favorite. Herman and Seamon, comedians direct from "Allez Oop!" Dolores and Eddy, dancers, and many others. The entire presentation will have a gala Holiday setting.

BROOKE JOHNS IS PRESENTING "HOLIDAY JUBILEE" with the outstanding junior talent of St. Louis, professional acts, the Missouri Dancing Girls, Arthur Nealy, and many others. Johns' Christmas week show will undoubtedly be his most elaborate presentation of the year, and will be full of gaiety and pep. The screen attraction at the Missouri is the theater's favorite, Richard Dix, in his latest role of a dashing, romantic caballero of the old gold fields. Thelma Todd, lovely blonde Paramount player, is featured opposite him.

The presentation of "The Jazz Singer" at the Grand Central takes on importance for several reasons, two of which stand out prominently. One is that it will be the occasion of Al Jolson's local debut as a screen star, and the other that as given, "The Jazz Singer," through the instrumentality of Vitaphone, will show the greatest step forward in the presentation of motion pictures that the screen has known. It will be the first time that Vitaphone will have been brought into play in carrying out the story of the picture, inasmuch as through it all the musical sequences of the story will be heard. Heretofore the only part Vitaphone has played in motion pictures has been in furnishing the musical score accompanying the action.

Some of the greatest pictures ever produced will be featured at Skouras Theaters during 1928, with the first quarter of the year offering "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "The Street of Sin," "Jesse James," and "The Harvester."

"The Private Life of Helen of Troy" will be utterly different from anything heretofore depicted on the screen. It offers a unique theme, portrayed in settings of rare beauty. Maria Corda, lovely Hungarian beauty, portrays Helen while Ricardo Cortez is cast opposite her as Paris. Lewis Stone is Menelaos, and Alice White is Adraste, Helen's handmaiden.

Emil Jannings, star of "Variety", and "The Way of All Flesh" has just completed another great picture, to be released early in 1928. It is "The Street of Sin," a gripping story of the back streets of a great city.

"Jesse James" offers a different slant of the character of the great bandit. It portrays a Jesse James whose father was a Baptist minister, whose mother was a convent-bred Kentucky girl, and who married a woman of the highest type. "Jesse James" in its screen version, has enough gunplay to thrill the hardest of his followers, and enough romance to reach the hearts of all.

Gene Stratton-Porter's novel "The Harvester" is another one of the great stories to be picturized. All the glories of Indiana in the springtime, and all the youth and beauty of the original story have been combined into one of the most accurate screen adaptations of any novel. Natalie Kingston and Orville Caldwell, famous for his portrayal of The Knight in Morris Gest's "Miracle" have the featured roles.

LOEW'S STATE

The modern-day substitute for the "Matinee Idol" of yesteryear will make his bow at Loew's State. That theater, abandoning its policy of "name" stage attractions, will go into the "bandshow" stage policy, with a master of ceremonies conducting the affairs of drama. Teddy Joyce, whose eccentric dancing and other stage nicknacks have made him a sensation at the Capitol, New York, will conceal himself in Santa Claus' pack, "fixing" it with that famous "Man in the Red Suit" to have himself draped on St. Louis' Christmas tree.

Joyce will start as Loew's Master of Ceremonies, Saturday, December 24. Loew executives have signed him to a year's contract. Each week, Joyce

will present a different production. Twelve Criss-Cross girls, a stage band, and a number of vaudeville acts will be included in his show each week.

Not only will Loew's present a new form of glorified stage revue, but it has announced a list of film super-productions, to be included in each of Joyce's shows. For Christmas week's show, Loew's will present John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in "Love". Though you'd never recognize it from its new title, "Love" is Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina". Co-eds who saw Gilbert and Miss Garbo in the clinches of "Flesh and the Devil" ((Sudermann's "The Undying Past")) may gain new ideas in technique from the further adventures in the gentle art of love, as depicted by such sophisticated apostles as John and Greta.

Warwick Deeping's best-selling novel, "Sorrell and Son" will be another of the "supers" to be included with Joyce's shows. Tear glands that have been inactive since "Stella Dallas" are expected to come to life for this production. A story of a father and his son, "Sorrell and Son" casts H. B. Warner—the Christ of "The King of Kings"—as Captain Sorrell. Anna Q. Nilsson, Carmel Meyers, Nils Asther and Micky McBann are others in the cast.

Lon Chaney, who has been everything in celluloid except a tarantula, will be Burke, a Scotland Yard detective in "London After Midnight". As a present-day Sherlock Holmes, Chaney is the boy who solves five-year-old murder mysteries—similar trifles. Anyone who could do that could short-change the Bookstore. There is room for him at Washington.

ON THE STAGE

SHUBERT-RIALTO THEATRE

DECEMBER 18.—"ABIES' IRISH ROSE", which has broken all previous records for longevity, is to be with us once more, this time at the new moderate price scale. The company comprises actors and actresses who have been in their present roles for three years, insuring a smooth presentation of Anne Nichols' much discussed comedy. "Abie's Irish Rose" has the unique distinction of playing on three continents at once, North America, Europe, and Australia, breaking records on each.

DECEMBER 25.—"THE PLAY'S THE THING", Molnar's comedy, starring Holbrook Blinn, comes directly from Miller's Theatre in New York, where it ran the entire season to capacity houses. P. G. Wodehouse, an author and humorist of no small repute, has adequately adapted the famous Hungarian's latest work to the Anglo-Saxon understanding. With Blinn are such notables as Martha Lorber, Ralph Nairn, Gavin Muir, and Hubert Druce. A special matinee will be given on Monday, December 26.

JANUARY 1—"THE MADCAP", in which that lovable continental comedienne, Mitzi, more than lives up to her title. This brilliant musical comedy comes direct from Chicago, where it played a long run at the Olympic. New York has yet to view this tuneful comedy. "Mitzi" has been said to spell "entertainment."

JANUARY 8.—"THE VAGABOND KING," returns. The tale of the poet scamp, Francois Villon, embellished with music by Rudolph Friml, and staged by the Russian color genius, Boleslawsky, promises to lose nothing in the repetition. "The

Vagabond King" has been acclaimed the finest presentation of its type, and there are few who deny it. Practically the entire New York company will be sent on this tour, including Carolyn Thomson, Edward Neil, Jr., Cooper Cliffe, and others.

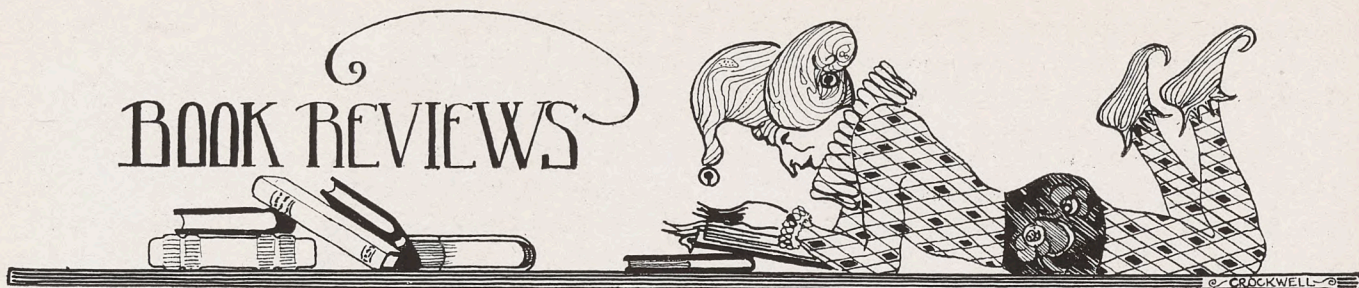
AMERICAN THEATRE

Cecil B. De Mille's stupendous spectacle, "The King of Kings" will be the attraction at the American Theater from December 18th to December 31st, inclusive. This production has achieved unusually long runs in New York, Los Angeles, Boston and Philadelphia. It will be presented here with a large touring orchestra and complete effects. "King of Kings" has a cast of 18 stellar players and 5000 others. It cost \$2,300,000 to produce.

"Tommy", that sparkling comedy described by the New York Times as being "one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season—bright, fresh and continuously funny", is booked for the American Theater for a single week beginning Sunday night, January 1st. St. Louis will be the third city to see "Tommy", its previous presentations last season and this being confined to New York and Chicago.

On Monday night, January 9th, David Belasco's widely heralded presentation of "Lulu Belle", starring Lenore Ulric, will come to the American. "Lulu Belle" is said to be the outstanding dramatic offering of the year. It played for two years at the Belasco Theater, New York, and only recently concluded a long run at the Illinois Theater, Chicago. Miss Ulric has a role that gives her ample opportunity for the display of the histrionic talents that won for her the enviable position of being of the greatest of American stars.

BOOK REVIEWS



Land of the Pilgrims' Pride, by George Jean Nathan (Alfred A. Knopf)

"Land of the Pilgrims' Prude" would have been a better title for this book, assuming that one needs a title for any book Nathan writes. The "I" stands out throughout everything this critic pens, and one is inclined to think that he likes to attack because the word *criticize* has three "i"'s in it. In the present collection Nathan comments upon a few of the modern American diseases, such as critics, moral laws, sex education, prohibition, American authors, sandwiches, and a host of others. In fact the only malady he seems to omit is democracy, but the omission is excusable, since his colleague, Mencken, capably takes care of that.

The first section of the book, probably the best section, is called "The New Morality", and in it Nathan attempts to show the change in morals and the causes of the change. That there has been a change in morals, even the director of an institution Devoted To The Inculcation Of Ideals In Our Youth will admit. Nathan goes further than merely acknowledging this fact; he boasts of it. He doesn't ask as does the Browning Society of Pedukah, "What's the younger generation coming to?" What he wants to know is, What Of It?

As to the cause of the change—whether it be modern slang, college jokes, the war, or a general disgust with the world—what difference does it make? Any one of the causes is as irremovable as the French debt or a drunken policeman. Nathan's attitude toward the changing morality is surprising: one suspects he laments the change.

One other section, that entitled "The Motherland", is worthy of mention. The so-called affinity existing between America and England is just as

operative as the Eighteenth Amendment. "Soothing handclasps and quasi-secret fraternal grasps aside, we discover that England and America are farther apart today than they have been since 1875." The statement probably will not descend smoothly upon those who consider England and America on the road to an extremely co-operative future. There are other things that might descend upon these people with better effect. It is (fortunately or unfortunately) true that this country has outgrown its motherland and in dealing with each other, the two countries assuredly do not manifest the parent-child attitude.

The essays (some of which have appeared in Clinical Notes in the American Mercury) are arranged in no particular order, an arrangement characteristic of more than one critic. To discuss each article Nathan deals with would be a trifle more hopeless than the expression of American public opinion. Definitions, censures, credos, notes, comparisons, and essays follow each other in rapid succession. The author's observations in most instances are well-founded; that they are as well-expressed goes without saying. If he is not liked it is not because of his style, for it is more than readable, nor because of his reflections, for they are plausible, but because of his apparent unimpeachable "rightness" and a not-to-reluctant willingness to admit that he is right.

When in some future day a silly teacher asks an innocent class to describe the georgejeannathan philosophy, a good student can say: "He believed that none but the brave deserved the fair, because he believed that he was brave and that he was fair."

M. M.

Books Reviewed in this column from the Doubleday, Page Bookshop

First Pugilist: "Why do they call youse 'Gentleman Jim'?"

Second Pugilist: "Aw, they seen me holding a fork once when I was eatin'. I had it to crack me bruder's knuckles if he reached for me pork chop."

—Pit Panther

He—A man asked me this afternoon if I wouldn't drop in some time and see his line of snappy neckwear?

She—Salesman?

He—No, a musical revue producer.

—Williams Purple Cow

Put your pipe on P.A.



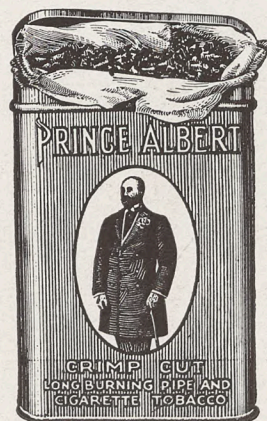
WHAT you get out of a pipe depends on what you feed it. Millions of contented jimmy-pipers will tell you that Prince Albert commands a pipe to stand and deliver. You suspect you are in for some grand pipe-sessions the minute you get a whiff of P.A.'s aroma.

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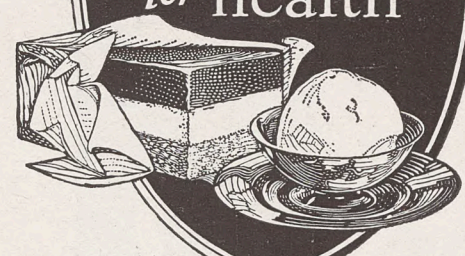
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Officer: "What do you mean by going sixty miles an hour through this town?"

Husband: "Why, you—*—!—*—!"

Wife (helpfully): "Don't pay any attention to him, officer. He's intoxicated."

—Broken Jug

— D D D —

He who laughs first told the joke.

—Ghost

— D D D —

"No, we shall not let Horace return to college this year. You know he is so young."

"Yes, yes. My son flunked out too."

—Jester

— D D D —

"Don't always complain about my cooking!"

"I'm sorry; I simply had to bring it up again."

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

"What's an operetta?"

"Don't be dumb—it's a girl who works for the telephone company."

—Texas Ranger

— D D D —

Joe College says—A man does not have to be a tattoo artist to have designs on a lady.

—Puppet

— D D D —

"Hey, watcha doin' down there?"

"Building the new subway."

"How long before it will be finished?"

"About four years."

"Oh, well, I guess I'll take a cab."

—Life

— D D D —

She was only a country belle, but she tolled on me.

—Scream

— D D D —

Captain—All hands on deck! The ship is leaking!

Voice from the Forecastle—Aw! Put a pan under it and c'mon to bed.

—Royal Gaboon

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"I'm going home to mother," she sobbed, "and I never want to see you again."

"Too late," he said, "your mother went home to grandmother last night."
—Marlet

— D D D —

Irate Father—I'll teach you to drink!

Son—Gee, pa, I wish you would. They say you used to be the best drinker in the house.

—Jack-O-Lantern

— D D D —

I bet her she wouldn't marry me and she called my bet and raised me five.

—Mink

— D D D —

The guy who invented the "Black Bottom" and the "Muss Around" must have watched a snake sleeping off a seven-day bat.

—Ranger

— D D D —

Working Boy: "Don't sob, brother, the wolf has never been at your door."

Athlete: "No, he was in my room and had pups."
—Flamingo

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Tact

Polite Frosh: "You know you've changed since I saw you last."

Sweet One: "And how? For better or worse?"

Polite Frosh: "My dear, you could only change for the better."
—Buss

— D D D —

"Did you ever play poker with a bridge hand?"

"No, and neither did you."

"Oh, yes I have. He worked for a construction company."
—Sun Dial

— D D D —

He: The weather always affects me: when the air's mild, I feel mild; when it's brisk, I feel brisk; when it's—

She: How balmy the air is tonight!

—Judge

— D D D —

Rock-a-bye, senior, on the tree top,
As long as you study your grades will not drop,
But if you stop digging your standing will fall
And down will come senior, diploma and all.

—Denison Flamingo

— D D D —

If it were not for college men's clothes, what would the circus clowns copy?

—Westminstrel

— D D D —

"And have you any brothers?"

"Three; two living and one married."

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury

— D D D —

"Is the westbound train on time?"

"No, I think the company paid cash for it."

—Lehigh Burr

Mu: Do you believe in mind reading?

Mu Mu: Yes, I was introduced to a chorus girl the other night and she slapped my face.

—Rensselaer Pup

— D D D —

Worldly One (in midst of telling story): Have you heard this before?

Great chorus of ye's.

W. O.: Well, I'll go on. You'll probably understand it this time.

—Chaparral

— D D D —

"Jenkins, the cook tells me you were intoxicated last night and trying to roll a barrel out of the cellar."

"Yes, my lord."

"And where was I at the time?"

"In the barrel, my lord."

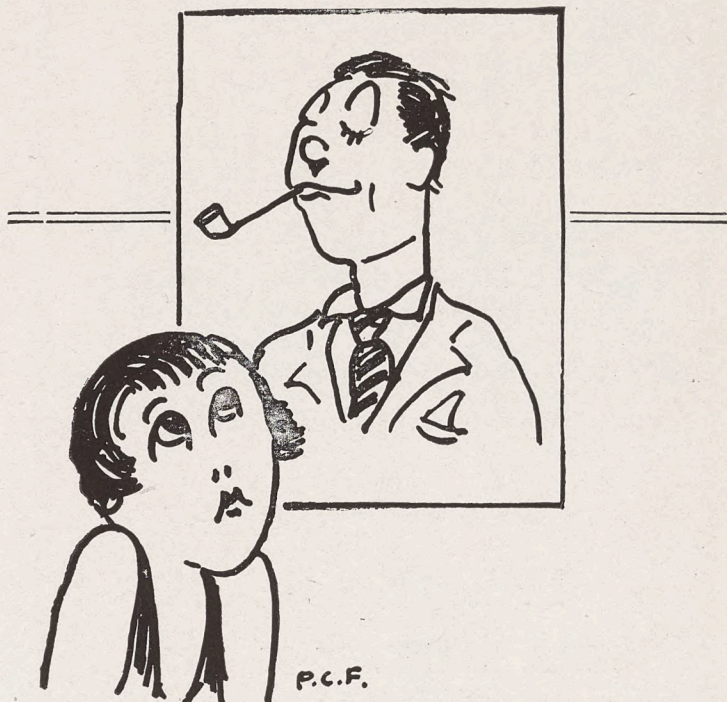
—Judge

— D D D —

"If Fred marries that vulgar actress, his father promises to cut him off without a cent. You ought to tell him that."

"There's no use bothering him; I'll just tell her."

—Mercury



"Mary Marrymore

loves to see a man smoke a pipe"—but when it comes to hearing him smoke!

THE gurgle of an old pipe just drives her crazy!

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Plea from a dark corner—Don't hold me responsible. I can't see what I'm doing.

—*Royal Gaboon*

— D D D —

Wall-eyed clerk to little girl: "Well cutie, what do you want?"

Spinster (coyly): "Now you stop, naughty man!"

—*Goblin*

— D D D —

"I've been smoking a terrible lot of cigarettes lately."

"I'll say you have, if that's one of 'em."

—*Red Cat*

— D D D —

He (calling her up)—Say, Mary, did anyone ever tell you that you were good-looking?

She (excited)—Why, no!

He (hanging up)—Thanks awfully; good night!

—*Log*

— D D D —

Gob: "Tell me, Cutie, have you ever been kissed?"

Cutie: "Only once."

Gob: "Who kissed you?"

Cutie: "The Marine Corps."

—*Tawney Cat*

— D D D —

"My grandfather lived to be nearly ninety and never used glasses."

"Well, lots of people prefer to drink from a bottle."

—*Kitty-Kat*

— D D D —

She: "Wanna spoon?"

He: "Whatdya mean, . . ."

She: "Look at those couples over there spooning."

He: "If THAT'S spooning, let's shovel."

—*Siren*

— D D D —

"Next to a beautiful girl, what do you think is the most interesting thing in the world?"

"When I'm next to a beautiful girl, I'm not worrying about statistics."

—*Virginia Reel*

— D D D —

Child: "Oh, mother, I'm tired of this 'sex-appeal' stuff."

Mother: "Why, child, what do you know of 'sex-appeal'?"

Child: "Well, we've been playing tag and I've been 'it' all morning."

—*Bison*

Grandpa, in a speedy car,
Pushed the throttle down too far;
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Music by the G. A. R.

— D D D —

Prof: What's this! Is someone smoking back there?

Stude: No, sir; it's only the fog I'm in,
sir. —Chaparral

— D D D —

"Darling," he cried, falling on his knees and covering her little white hands with kisses, "can't you see that I love you?"

She drew herself up to her full height. "Well," she said, "I should hate to think this was just your way of behaving in company." —Lampoon

— D D D —

"There's something wrong with these rabbits you sold me. They have the hiccoughs."

"My dear sir, they are Belchin' hares." —Purple Parrot

— D D D —

Alpha: "I have a brother that is a Beta and is living at the house, and he is delighted."

Chi: "Delighted to be a Beta or to be living at the house?"

Alpha: "Delighted to be living." —Azwegan

— D D D —

Stranger: "Are you an instructor in this college, sir?"

19XX: "No. My roommate got dressed before I got up."

—Baboon

— D D D —

Presbyterian Parson—What is purgatory?

Bobbie—I know! Children cry for it! —Virginia Reel

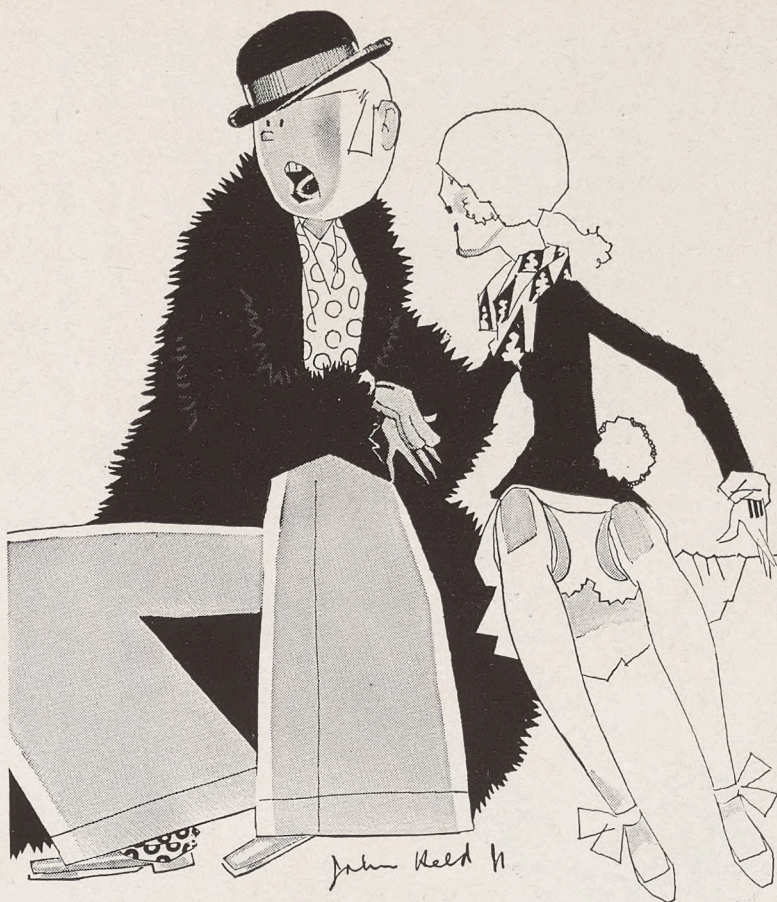
— D D D —

"Mother," said little Evelyn, "may I go out and play with the other children now?"

"You may play with the girls, but not with the boys, for they are too rough."

"But, mother, if I find a nice smooth boy can I play with him?"

—Lyre



On, Wisconsin!

Jack McGrath gives a vivid picture of Wisconsin in the January College Humor. All about its students, fraternities, problems, its great and near-great.

Other special features include *Back to Mother*, by Wallace Irwin, a complete novelette of two young people which shows all the tenderness and dismay of the first year of marriage.

Peter B. Kyne's first story for this magazine appears. Grantland Rice writes on *All-Americans of All Time*, and there are many others.

\$2,000 art contest closes January 15, 1928. Important announcement in College Humor following issue. Send drawings now!

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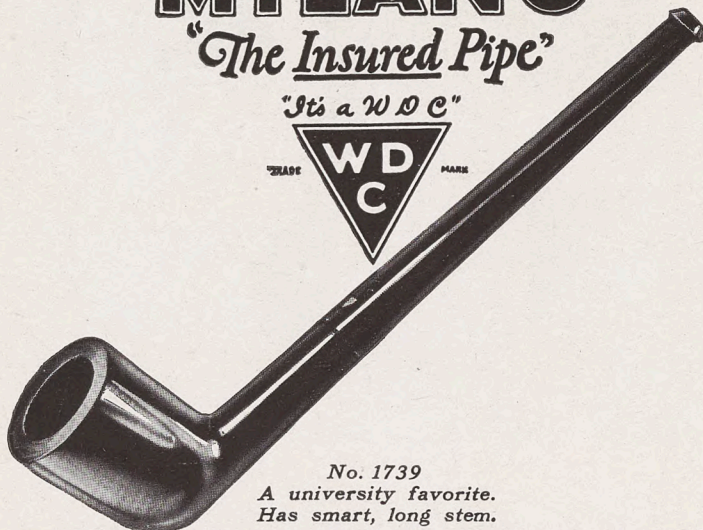
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"Certainly. I own a Frigidaire."

—Jack-o-Lantern

— D D D —

First Working Girl: "I've been on this job now for five months, and the boss has never got fresh with me once."

Second Working Girl: "My Gawd! Why don't you quit?"

—Mink

— D D D —

He: "I haven't known you for long, but in the two short hours we've been sitting here under this glorious moon I have been absolutely conquered by your beautiful eyes, your marvelous figure, and your engaging personality. I wonder if I might kiss you?"

She: "Are you beginning to wonder, too?"

—Jack-o-Lantern.

— D D D —

Sweet Young Thing—And how did you win your D. S. C.?

Tuff Old Sojer—I saved the lives of my entire regiment.

S. Y. T.—Wonderful! And how did you do that?

T. O. S.—I shot the cook. —Purple Parrot

Up!

"Why didn't you answer when the elevator man said 'up'?"

"I thought it was indigestion."

—*Vassar Vagabond*

— D D D —

Padre—You'll ruin your stomach, my good man, drinking that stuff.

Old Soak—S'all right. It won't show with my coat on.

—*Cornell Widow*

— D D D —

Judge: "The policeman says that you were travelling at a speed of sixty miles an hour."

Prisoner: "It was necessary, your honor; I had stolen the car."

Judge: "Oh, that's different. Why didn't you tell me in the first place? Case dismissed."

—*Bison*

— D D D —

"What did you get for your leopard's skin coat?"

"Five hundred dollars—spot cash."

—*Grinnell Malteaser*

— D D D —

Professor—These aren't my own figures I'm quoting. They're the figures of a man who knows what he's talking about!

—*Grinnell Malteaser*

— D D D —

Jackie Coogan: "I can't decide whether to go to the University of Moscow or to Dartmouth."

Baby Peggy: "What the difference? If you go to Moscow they hang a 'ski' on your name, and if you go to Dartmouth they hang a pair on your feet."

—*Broken Jug*

— D D D —

"Is your father very old?"

"Just a little, his head is just beginning to push through his hair."

—*Rutgers Chanticleer*

— D D D —

"Do you pet?"

"No."

"Drink?"

"No."

"Cuss?"

"No."

"Smoke?"

"No."

"You're hired—first side show to the right, please!"

—*Cracker*

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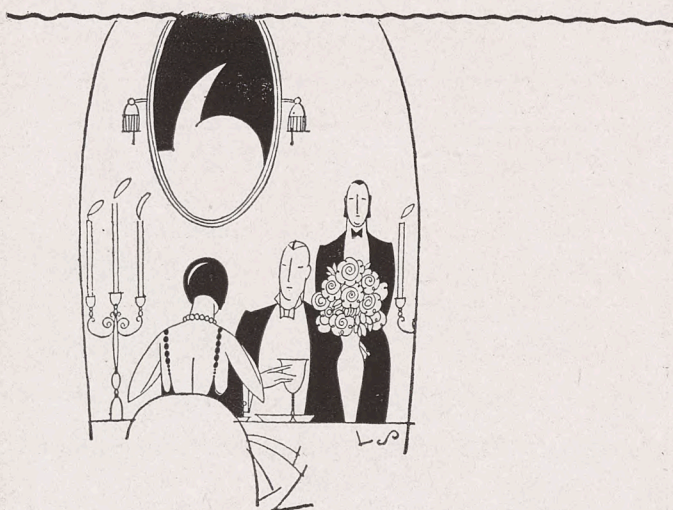
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She: I suppose you're just crazy to kiss me.
He: Yeh, I have to be. —*Ranger*

— D D D —

"Do you know who the laziest man in the world is?"

"No; who is he?"

"The man who said, 'Moonbeam, Kiss Her for Me'." —*Octopus*

— D D D —

Insignificant Parent: Isn't it time he could say "Daddy"?

Fond Mother: We've decided not to tell who you are until he gets a bit stronger.

—*Passing Show*

— D D D —

Our latest Scotch importation tells us how Sandy MacPherson decided to leave school because he had to pay attention.

—*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

Crowd: Hey! Sit down in front!

Assistant Manager: Quit yer kidding. I don't bend that way.

—*Lampoon*

— D D D —

"From college, eh?"

"No. I just got outa jail and dey gimme dis suit." —*Humbug*

— D D D —

"So you're going to the University of Chicago! What are you taking?"

"Triggernometry."

—*Cracker*

— D D D —

Whale—Hi, Jonah!

Jonah—Hi, Whale! Where y'livin' now?

Whale—Atlantic Ocean. Drop in some time.

—*Lampoon*

— D D D —

"Geraldine, dear, I miss you—"

"Turn on the light, you sap, and quit groping in the dark."

—*Red Cat*

— D D D —

Phi: "Where was the wedding tonight?"

Delt: "Ha, Ha, the joke's on you. That old man with a shot gun was going duck hunting."

—*Iowa Frivol*

— D D D —

"The first night I caught her in my arms. The next night I caught her in my pockets."

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

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Amateur Hunter—What is the name of the species I just shot?

Guide—I've been investigating and he says his name is Smith.
—*Royal Purple*

— D D D —

Judge: I thought I told you when you were here before that I didn't want to see you here again.

Prisoner: That's what I told the dick that pinched me but he wouldn't believe it.

—*Bison*

— D D D —

"What makes the world go round and round, pop?"

"Oscar, how many times must I tell you to stay out of the cellar?"

—*Bucknell Belle Hop*

— D D D —

L'il piccaninny

Looks just like his poppy;

Don't know what to call him,

'Les it's Carbon Copy.

—*Octopus*

— D D D —

Judge—Guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—You guess first.

—*College Humor*

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Policeman (to pedestrian just struck by hit-and-run driver): "Did you get his number?"

Victim: "No, but I'd recognize his laugh, anywhere."
—Life

— D D D —

"Where do you live?"

"New York."

"Go on; your nose isn't long enough."

—Record

— D D D —

Burglar—Come on! Let's figure up and see how much we made on this haul.

Pal—Shucks! I'm tired. Let's wait and look in the morning paper.
—Goblin

— D D D —

"Do you see this diamond ring? Well, it belonged to a millionaire."

"Why, who?"

"Mr. Woolworth."

—Witt

— D D D —

Wife—Do you know that you haven't been home for four nights?

Absent-minded Prof.—Ye Gods! Where have I been going?
—Yellow Jacket

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